WOUNDED WORDS

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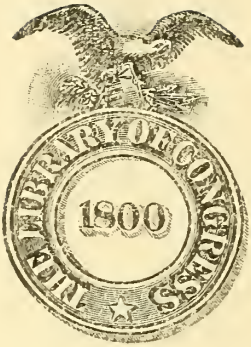
A BOOK OF CHARADES BY

CORA BERRY WHITIN



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WOUNDED WORDS

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BY

CORA BERRY WHITIN

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W53

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NOTE

MOST of these words received their "wounds" during the later months of the Great War—and it was the hope of the writer that their "reconstruction" might aid some convalescent to health: that the effort would serve to shorten some weary hours. The war is over, but there must still be many (perhaps more than ever before), who need to be diverted. In the hope that this little book may have that happy mission, it is sent forth into the world.

These words have been thoroughly riddled
Though not with shot and shell.
It was my play to wound them,
'Tis yours to make them well.

I

"Just my whole," I hear some say
About this little book,
I hope those very prosy souls
Won't take a second look!
Charades are not for folk like them,
'Tis needless to explain.
But there are minds these quips and quirks
May serve to entertain.

My first are used by all of us,
Writers and speakers too.
My next can't do without them,
Neither, in fact, can you!
Man-made they've been so long in use,
In ev'ry my last and clime.
Without them—second might seem dumb—
My whole reduced to signs.

II

My whole dates back to early days
In this old world of ours.
It still exists, though hard to find
Outside of childhood's hours.
It makes this life seem very fair,
So full of love and truth—
With joy and virtue everywhere
O—rosy dream of youth!
My one, two, three can this be true
As any one can tell.
But if my whole believes it so
Perhaps it's just as well.
Sometimes it's those of little last
Who get most joy from life,
Taking no heed of present need,
They live with my second strife.

III

My first when crushed between the hands
  Gives forth a pungent smell.
A flavor too it has. Some say
  They like it very well.

My second's naught. Don't waste your time
  To give a thought about it!
Though scholars think and I agree
  We can't get on without it.

My third is seldom seen by man
  Though often very near;
For ladies use they're simply fine
  And also very dear.

My whole is sharp and piercing.
  I loathe the very name!
That modern nations use it
  Fills my soul with shame!

IV.

O SAD it is but very true
My first's in every one of you.
Oh, why it is I cannot tell
But every one must own its spell.

When I to my second did my last,
I did it with great glee.
Too greedy I—and so alas!
It proved too much for me.

The Doctor came—gave me my whole,
Rebuked me for my greed.
My pain was soothed—I fell asleep—
My whole had done the deed.

V

When Adam lost my first
  It was the whole world's gain.
Nor was he ever known to say
  He wished it back again.
My second's good! When doubled up
  'Tis most too good for me.
My whole is made for prettiness
  And for utility.

VI

'Twas in the woods
I saw my last
With merry song
Go flitting past.

No song—my first
'Tis scarce a sound!
With 'bated breath
I looked round—

When sudden to my listening ear
Came through the silence—loud and clear
My whole! I jumped aside with fear.
'Twas in the street—but seemed quite near.

VII

My first sails the sea.
Sails over to France
For you and for me.
My second and third is a dear
Who holds the heart
Of the gay cavalier
My whole—He, in my first,
Sails over the Sea—
Sails over to France
For you and for me.

VIII

If you my first my second
My whole will march in line.
If my last has a swing
And you my first with a vim,
My whole will keep the time.

IX

Crash went my first
And stopped my second's song!
'Twas not my third to do it—
The world will always rue it;
My whole continued all night long.

X

My first are fighting our battles
Afar in the fields of France.
By amulet, charm and prayer
They think they have a chance
That they my third my second—
But if worse comes to worst,
Pray that my second like my first.

In the devastated places
Where hordes of Huns have been,
'Tis a safe and sad prediction
My whole will oft be seen.

XI

My first is a fabric fine,
Too delicate and sheer,
In these disastrous times
For your fair ladies' wear.
My second to you was given
With a very knowing air,
You believed it true!
Alas for you—
And for your hopes so fair,
It proved to be my last!!
You first on your mischance
You sought your wealth to whole
O wretched happenstance!

XII

The fragrance of the clover,
The waving of the grain,
All remind the farmer
He must my first again.

William was this farmer's name
And how he hated next!
His money very slowly came
But why should he be vexed!

Two of my last this farmer had;
He set by them great store.
Although they're plenty in this world,
He knew he'd have no more.

When he heard the country's call
To my whole without delay—
He left his farm—his hearth—his all!
Duty's voice he must obey.

XIII

My three four was a tough old bird
With an ungainly gait.
So 'twas not sad—but quite one two
When he finally met his fate.

My whole's a weapon of the Hun,
A weapon I despise.
A cute invention of their own.
There's nothing faster flies!

XIV

WITHIN the door
My one two stood
Silent—polished,
Made of wood.
Without the door
Hung my last,
Many saw it
Hurrying past.
To go within
I had no need.
So to my last
I paid no heed.

My whole's just a word in passing—
Which one is known by few—
They change so very often
The old one for the new.

XV

Twins are my first. You've seen them oft.
An undisputed pair
Twain are they now and ever more,
And never seem to care.

My two, three is like mountain air
Or breezes from the sea.
We take deep breaths and feel new life:
It braces you and me.

My whole's a race! And such a race!
We watch with 'bated breath!
Oh, which will win and which will lose,
Which come in "at the death"!

For is it always proven true?
That old proverbial song.
The race is ever to the swift,
The battle to the strong?

XVI

ARITHMETIC is very queer,
I will not even strive
To prove to you,
Although it's true,
That one, two is a five!
'Twas after school and gathered round
Were my three—little boys.
Four was it nine? I cannot tell.
They did not make much noise.
With eyes upraised and pious air
Absorbed they watched my whole.
Let's slip away and leave them here,
Praying death takes no toll!

XVII

My first is found on many things,
On apron, wrap, or gown.
And e'en on Johnny's trouserloons
I've seen it running round!

My second's for protection good,
If one could pick and choose
I'd fain have plenty on my head
Lest I my lover lose!

Upon my whole I laid my head
My whole was o'er me spread.
"Oh, I'll not drink my whole," quoth I
"For I should soon be dead!"

XVIII

In numbers vast
In troubled times
Appear my last.
'Tis often used
For children's pleasure.
"Heap Big Injun"
Taking leisure.

My one two are oft called "pretty"
Yet are not held in high esteem.
So many wasted—'tis a pity!
They should be saved—least so it seems
To me and other financiers
In prosp'rous times—for future years.

Whene'er I use my first
My whole am I!
When this you've guessed
You'll see good reason why!!

XIX

Don't take my first!
Let it alone!
For many a youth
Has it undone.

I loved to play
In my two three.
A rainy day
Was a treat to me.
I had no doubt
In those old days
I was my whole,
For in our plays
I was a star.
The star has long
Since glimmered out.
No Shaw am I
Nor Teddy R.

XX

As I saw my whole my first
My soul was filled with anger.
I shook my last, but on he passed
And little knew his danger!
Between my first and last
Is a tiny little letter.
I'd tell you which, but it's so plain
I do not think I'd better.

XXI

My first your hair can stand on end
Or with my second fill you.
My whole your patience oft offends
Or with delight may thrill you.

XXII

My first a soldier's glad to get
In any queer old place.
Be careful if you stroke it
Which way you smooth its face!
My next is often used for warmth,
A useful thing and homely,
But if it's given you by your girl
'Twill make you feel most lonely.
My last, well-filled would, like my whole,
A heavy burden be
For the unaccustomed muscles
Of a raw recruit like me!

XXIII

When alien element combine
They're said to do this first of mine.
When I was my next without delay
I called for my last. 'Twas in the fray
Caused by the enemy's my whole,
Pausing to try to take the toll
My strength forsook me: down I fell.
My whole had done its work full well!

XXIV

I HAD a little sweetheart
Not very long ago,
Don't ask my third for I'll not tell;
You do not need to know.
She loved my one two dearly
(I'd take her on my knee)
I found she loved it better
Than ever she loved me.
I was my whole for wedlock
Besought her for my third.
She said she liked a lover best!
Now was not that absurd?

XXV

I HEARD a wail
Alas! Alas!
So sad a tale!
Before me lay
From some sad fray
Poor little One
Her life most gone!
From swift motor
Was it three four?
We do not know
Which horrid foe
The deed had done!
It all offends
My sub two three
When will it end?
O my! O me!
This act we add
To that long whole
Of deeds so sad
They wring one's soul!

XXVI

Slowly when the day was past,
I watched approaching o'er my last
My first—and at a glance I saw
'Twas loaded!—full up to the law.
Then the twilight swift descended,
My long and anxious wait was ended!
My whole was in my first concealed,
As cautious searching soon revealed,
Death-dealing things, thank God they've
come
To help me to defend my home!

XXVII

My last I am,
I can explain
Matters deep and
Matters vain.
If in my first
You're deep immersed
I'll get you out
Without a doubt!
So come to me
(There's a small fee)
Believe my whole
And cheer your soul!

XXVIII

My whole to others must be given
If you have hope of winning heaven.
My last you wholly must forswear
For nothing evil enters there.
All worldly aims be put aside,
No pride of spirit can abide.
No titles like my first or lord
Would with that heav'nly place accord.
Keep humbly in my whole each day,
Walk in the straight and narrow way.

XXIX

To my first you from my last
Is the aim of my whole,
Help keep you from sin
For the good of your soul.

XXX

My first is a contented sound.
Men in my last were all around.
My whole expresses a career.
He'll catch you soon, my pretty dear!

XXXI

Don't my first—O little last!
Your pain will soon be gone.
My whole will very soon have passed
As darkness flees from dawn.

XXXII

My first when bald and bare
Is not a pleasing sight;
Without a small growth there
One simply is a fright.
I like my last in the morning
And also noon and night.
But when at sea—deliver me!
It takes my appetite!
A tedious duty is my whole.
'Tis rather worse at night
But sometimes there's a stolid soul
Who'd rather whole than fight.

XXXIII

I've sailed upon the ocean
To lands beyond the sea.
'Twas long ago; now in my last
Sweet memories come to me.
And by the evening fireside
The children gathered round,
Wondrous tales I tell them:
Until we hear the sound
Of my first gaily coming!
All run to see the sight.
My stories are forgotten
Nor do I mind the slight!
I sit still by the fireside
All heedless of the noise.
My thoughts now wander overseas
To the dearest of my boys,
The front door softly opens—
I look up from my dreams.
My boy's come back! My soldier lad!
Too wonderful it seems
That he still lives—in spite of wounds,
(We feared that he was dead).
Now he is here—safe home again,
My whole upon his head.

XXXIV

My first is a carrier of germs
So learned doctors say;
In long and scientific terms
Their meaning they convey.
This much I learn
That from this day
I'm death on first
Come when they may.

My last is caused by summer sun,
Though sometimes in the South
In winter time the mischief's done,
Perhaps in times of drouth.

My whole is found in far Japan
My first is also there.
You see my whole in finest homes,
In fact—most everywhere.

XXXV

February, 1918

My whole belonged to the army,
With my last so firm and set
He left his home behind him
And we haven't heard from him yet.
But when my first so balmy
Returns to cheer the earth
We hope my whole will also come
To the land that gave him birth.

XXXVI

It is very true my first is false.
I admit that much to you.
In this bad world 'tis often hard
To know the false from true.

My second is just half of us.
I say it without pride
For if we had to "divy up"
You would still abide.

My third I think I'll write to you
But do not hold it tight.
Just drop in round most anywhere;
It's "busy" every night.

My whole is never ladylike,
Nor should it ever be.
That ladies sometimes my whole
Seems very sad to me.

XXXVII

1918

That the Hohenzollerns are my whole
Most of my first admit.
Should all the world lay down their arms
And helplessly submit?
No! We must fight them to the end
The brutal Hun must "lick"!
But 'tis my last—so high—so high
Who'll help us win the trick!

XXXVIII

I'LL say in the beginning
And again before I'm done
That the meaning of this war
Is to my whole the Hun.

No my second can describe
What horrors met my last
On those battlefields in France
Such destruction as I passed.

My first of two was ashen,
The field was strewn with dead,
Women and children were homeless,
Hungry and crying for bread.

As I said in the beginning
I repeat now that I'm done.
The intention of this war
Is to my whole the Hun!

XXXIX

AROUND my first don't linger—
There's always danger there.
My second has its danger spot—
I advise you to beware.
My third you'd better take from me.
"Stop! Look! Listen!" "Leave 'em be"!
I smell my whole: 'tis almost done!
We'll "do it brown"—Yum-Yum-Yum-Yum!

XL

The lily, tall and fragrant,
Doth never do my first.
Sun-kissed, she standeth waiting
Till bud to blossom burst.
And so a gentle maiden
Went laughing on her way.
Unkissed, she's now stood waiting
Many and many a day.
Though lovers came a wooing,
None could my last her heart.
Alas! 'Twas her undoing—
My whole is now her part.
She wanders in her garden
At closing of the day:
The lilies have passed blooming.
They, too, have had their day.

XLI

My last is not "comfy" in a sheet
Nor even in a shirt!
The largest kind one ever sees
Are mostly made of dirt.
I like my first upon the head
Worn without pomp or pride.
My whole is wild and hard to tame;
'Tis of the feathered tribe.

XLII

My first and last belong to cats,
My whole is on the town!
"Some in rags, some in tags
And some in velvet gowns."

XLIII

My three, four, so pungent and fine,
So highly concentrated,
Has perfume like a vintage wine.
(They're always over-rated!)
If cobwebs like my second adorn—
In fact—enshroud the vial,
I first the label carefully
And then give it a trial.

My whole's an irritating time,
You loathe yourself and life,
You make it hard for all around,
Especially for your wife!

XLIV

WHERE is my first? I cannot tell—
Just "somewhere", was it France?
This much I know—I love it well
Like many other "tanks".
I like it rich and rare and old.
Although *I'm* not two three
It really always is my whole
Had one capacity.

XLV

If I should live to be my whole
Which I should much my last,
I ne'er could learn to love my first
Or forgive the awful past.
My horrid first have been so long
My last of the whole world,
Though I should live my whole of years,
Those tales would still be told.

XLVI

I LOVED my first devotedly,
I sought her for my bride.
She said she'd be my last to me
Which sorely hurt my pride.

"All right," said I—"I know full well
There's still good fish in the sea!"
So off I walked—head high in air,
And married my two three.

My whole's a sorting into parts,
But Oh! I do deplore
To separate three such fine girls
As one—two three—and four!

XLVII

My whole you may have seen in Rome;
We have them here at home,
But here they can't be seen at all,
Though free to every one.

I know a lovely island where
You may have bought my last
If you had any friends with you;
It was disposed of fast.

My last is called my first to man,
Though why I cannot tell.
I loathe my first! As for my last,
I love it far too well!

XLVIII

France, 1918

If I could only get my whole
A happy man I'd be!
I long to see my little home
In the land across the sea.

O little cottage, nestled last
Beside my ancient first,
At thought of you my tears gush forth;
It seems my heart would burst.

I'd like to be my last, my first,
The remainder of my life.
I want my whole most awfully;
I want to see my wife.

XLIX

My first's a quantity unknown,
My next's expressed by three;
That seems a problem, but I know
You'll solve it easily.
My third is a receptacle,
Common in every home.
My last you are if you have guessed
The meaning of this "pome".
When Father brings a friend to dine,
And sends no word before,
He gaily says (with jaunty air)
Just put one, two, three, four.
My whole is that which reaches out
And grabs—(regardless of his state)—
Rich man or poor—it matters not,
Low thief or highest potentate.

L

I MADE an impetuous my last
For the love of my lady's heart.
The citadel was hard to win,
I had made a mistaken start.
I saw my first on the railroad track,
I had often seen them there.
I thought I'd buy a pretty one
For my dear lady's wear.
She did not like the color,
She did not like the style,
She burst into a mad my whole,
You could hear her for a mile.
I do not love that lady now
However fair she be,
What care I for beauty?
My whole was what cured me.

LI

Of my last I was very proud
And with much satisfaction
I used my whole, I thought it showed
My last to its perfection!
My second is a part of you
And also of my last.
My first is you—is really you—
Now—do not look aghast!
"Variety is the spice of life,"
As friend Bill Cowper said—
So he would never like my whole
Tho' glory's o'er it shed.

LII

My last, hard hit, were softly dark,
A melancholy pair.
When I my first my next my third
I felt I trod on air.

I first my next unto my heart
And madly held her there.
She struggled, struck and wounded me,
'Twas more than I could bear!

The wound, so sore, refused to heal
In spite of faithful care.
At last they did my whole to it
And thus my life did spare!

LIII

My whole does not amount to much
My first is a negation.
My next's the middle of the end,
The first of our great nation.
My third and last? We'll call them twins
So much alike they are.
The stutterer knows they'll trouble him,
He sees them from afar.

LIV

(With Apologies to Amy Lowell)

My whole had managed sadly,
So my first was in my next.
She planned her work so badly
It always made me vexed!
She washed my third and hung it out
Upon the line to dry,
And then she went within the house
Her "other fish to fry".
Thus she continued busy
Throughout the livelong day.
But still my first was in my next
Whatever you may say.

LV

Blood red and emerald green
Dots—bits—splashes!
Blood red—crimson—gold
Glowing, vivid, intense.
Russet brown and golden yellow
Splotched—masses—
Falling—falling—
Drifting!
That is my whole.

My first is fierce,
I loathe, hate, despise him!
I long to crush him,
Crush him to earth!
Not till I see him
My second before me,
His life blood flowing
Can I go down to my last,
Content—satisfied.

LVI

My whole stood in her humble door.
With eyes upraised she watched the sky.
Did gathering clouds portend a shower
Or would restless winds swift carry them by?
She shook her head and went within,
Breathing a prayer to her Gods of Fate.
Should she risk my last of my first so thin
With texture so very delicate?
She drew her breath with a brave "I will"!
"What matters the wind or rainy weather,
I can conquer them all with my fine skill,
Good luck will attend my brave endeavor!"

LVII

I ASKED my first with me to dine
At some gay cabaret.
He said he thought that would be fine,
He'd meet me right away.

I waited patiently around
Till 'twas long past my next.
My hunger then put in its claims,
I really was quite vexed.

So when he finally appeared
He found me somewhat cool.
"He came soon as he was three four
For promptness was his rule."

That dinner proved to be my whole.
We feasted and we wined.
We were the very best of friends
By the time that we had dined.

LVIII

I LOVE to do my first,
My two and three I love,
My whole is of great energy
Most earthly power above.

LIX

My first is just a word of slang
Telling us "who is who."
'Tis never used by bon my next
Nor approved in my one two.
My third is on the other side
My last is writing fine.
My whole is finely written too
With wisdom in each line.

LX

My first we'll call a measure of light.
My second is far from divine.
In fact it is so human
We all to it incline!

My third is a jolly joker
Though somewhat of a clown.
We all enjoy his company—
His wit one cannot down.

On my last I will not dwell
Lest I your mind befog.
It is a very little thing
The tail that wags the dog!"

My whole, a rather clumsy thing,
Goes clattering up and down
Advertising its own virtue,
But it *does* help clean the town.

LXI

My first is made of my second
Both pointing to the sky.
My whole hop on
But not for long.
They seldom fly so high.

LXII

Around my whole the crowd so great
Would not my second me my last.
I pushed and shoved my way within,
A glimpse just made me stand aghast.
For on my whole I saw (woe's me,
I have no tears to shed!)
The news so sad—my heart will break—
Of a one, two, three Tom's head.

LXIII

I SAW my three, four, by a stream,
We had my first before,
I asked if she would next with me,
She said 'twould be a bore.
She had no wrap—she had no hat,
She knew that she would five!
"Cheer up," I said, "dear little lass,
I'm sure I'll still survive!"

My whole pertains to the city's whirl
And towns of fine abodes.
Where brick and stone rear lofty walls,
And life runs "á la mode."

LXIV

My first made me shiver,
And shake in my shoes,
I don't want to think of it more.
When my whole came to me,
No time did I lose,
But threw those shoes out of the door.

My last was a statesman
Of some years ago,
(I don't need to mention his name),
A Republican able
To strike a strong blow,
He came from the old State of Maine.

LXV

My first is on a maid,
My next is on a man,
A very skilful Doctor
Hurrying fast's he can
To see my third. My whole
Is in his hand.

LXVI

Theodore Roosevelt was my first,
And so was C. H. Hughes,
Although they both loved music,
My whole they did not use.
My last—a place where shoes are made—
Is parted from my first
By such a lot of sticky stuff!
That second is the worst!

LXVII

Oh, sad is the story—
'Tis horrid and gory!
This tale of my whole!
'Tis long since I read it.
I scarcely can credit
Such savage slaughter of souls!

My two, three was a bit of earth.
Located where? 'Twas in my first.

LXVIII

My first is very good,
In fact it is A-1.
You need not try to beat it
For—indeed—it can't be done!
This can't be said of my two, three,
Which nobody can want;
And yet, at least a trace of it
Does every human haunt.
My whole is very ancient,
You hardly can conceive
Of anything much older—
For it dates back to Eve.

LXIX

My whole in my opinion
Is a dangerous thing abroad
Wrong views disseminating,
A foe to all concord.
Yet each one has his weakness,
By chance I found his out:
For I saw one two blushing
Whene'er he came about.
I watched them from my window,
A glance around he cast—
Then was that blushing maiden
A happy one two—last!

LXX

My first was in the ground.
My next was on the sea.
My whole at last I found
Upon a pound of tea!

LXXI

My first is very easy.
If you mistake and blunder,
It is no more than others do,
Indeed, it is no wonder!
My last is mine—and yet I own
I do not own it more
Than you, or Tom or any one
Who has of wealth a store.
My whole—a little animal,
That's valued for his skin,
Is killed for my fair lady's wear—
It really seems a sin!

LXXII

I saw my first (a little one)
Go running down my last.
I tried to stay his rapid course—
"Why do you run so fast?"
Oh, I must get my whole at once,"
Was all that he could say.
"And this my last is very long
Delay me not, I pray."
His hurried pace and anxious face
Told that the need was great,
"May the good my whole return with you
Before it is too late!"

LXXIII

My first is my last,
A dear little thing!
The ladies all love him,
His praises they sing.
I envy him not,
But had I my way,
He should have more
Than just his due "day".
But I am my whole,
Subject to the sway
Of "Powers that be",
They have their own way.

LXXIV

My second is long without my first,
'Tis bleak and bare and gray.
It is not good for age or youth
To live in such a way.
In later years 'tis oft two, three
Yet we admit the truth,
'Tis a my whole of human need.
My first preserves your youth.

LXXV

Said my one to my two,
"Do come to my three
Early this afternoon."
Said my two to my one,
"That would be great fun,
But I cannot come so soon."
My two three was an author great,
Long one three your birth,
Some call him slow
But so is my whole,
One cannot live on mirth.

Now, readers, critics, friends,
Pray be my first to me,
Grant my last I meant.
On that, please do agree!
My sins (of words—not deeds)
I hope you'll overlook,
For now I say my whole
And end this little book.

KEY TO ANSWERS

NOTE

To the king of charadists—Mr. William Bellamy—I am indebted for permission to use his ingenious "key to answers."

By substituting for each letter of a supposed answer the figure under which it stands in the table, one can verify the correctness of a guess.

1	2	3	4	5
A	B	C	D	E
F	G	H	I	J
K	L	M	N	O
P	Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y Z

KEY

1 1 1 1 5 3
1 1 1 1 5 5
1 1 2 1 4 5
1 1 2 1 5 1 2 2 5
1 1 3 2 5 1 2 3
1 1 3 4 1 4 5
1 1 3 4 1 4 4 5
1 1 3 5 4 4 2 5
1 1 4 4 1 3 5 4 5 1 2
1 1 4 4 2 2 1 4 5
1 1 5 3 5 2
1 2 1 5 5 5 4
1 2 4 1 5 5 3
1 3 4 3 5 2 1 2
1 3 5 1 1 2 1 4 4 1
1 4 1 1 4 1 3 1
1 4 1 2 5 4 4 4
1 4 1 3 3 3 4 4 5
1 4 4 1 4 5 5
1 4 4 1 5 3 3
1 5 1 2 5 3 5
1 5 2 4 1 2 5
1 5 3 1 3
1 5 3 5 1 2 2 5
1 5 4 4 5 5 4 5
2 1 1 4 4 3 5 4 4
2 1 2 2 5 5 4 4
2 1 3 2 5 3 1 5
2 1 4 2 1 2 5
2 3 4 2 1 4 4 5 3
2 5 3 2 4 1 2 5
2 5 3 2 1 3 4 3 5 4 5
2 5 4 5 5 4 5 3 1 4 4 3 4 1 5
3 1 1 5 5 3 4 5 5
3 1 2 5 4 1 2 5
3 1 3 1 4 4 5 5
3 1 3 5 3 4 4 2 5
3 1 4 4 3 5 4
3 1 5 5 3 3 1 2 5 4
3 1 4 3 1 2 4 4 5
3 1 4 4 1 3 5
3 1 4 4 4 4 1 5 5
3 1 4 4 5 2 4 4
3 1 5 5 3
3 1 5 5 1 4
3 5 4 1 3 5
3 1 5 5 2 5 3 5
3 3 1 1 2 1 4 4
3 3 4 2 2 2 1 4 4
3 3 4 4 4
3 4 2 2 5 4
3 3 5 2 5 4 1 2 5
3 5 1 4 5 5 3 4 4 2 4
3 5 3 2 5 3 1
3 5 2 4 2 4 5 5
3 5 4 4 1 2 5
3 5 4 4 4 3 1 4 5
3 5 4 2 1 2 5 4 3 5 4 3 5
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4 3 5 4 4 4 1 4 5 3 1 4 5
4 4 3 1 4 5
4 4 3 5 4
4 5 3 2 4 3 5
4 5 3 5 4 5 4 3
4 5 4 1 3 5
4 5 4 5 4 5 9 5 5
5 1 4 2 5 3
5 3 3 4 4 5
5 4 5 3 1 4 4 5 4 5 4
5 5 1 5 5 4 4 3

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